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Songs OF THE Yellowstone Park Camps



ON UNCLE TOM'S TRAIL ~ ~ YELLOWSTONE

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200

Songs of the Yellowstone Park Camps



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CAMPS CO.**
Yellowstone Park, Wyo.

IF YOU FEEL LIKE SIGHING—SING

If you can't sing, try anyhow to make a joyful noise.

CAMPING WITH THE Y. P. C.

(Tune: "Jingle Bells")

Dashing through the Park
In a Ford or motor car—
You hurry past the freaks so fast
You can't tell what they are.
You see a painted gorge,
A valley filled with steam,
You can't believe the sights you see,
Things can't be what they seem.

Chorus

Honk that horn! Honk that horn!
A camp swings into view,
The door's flung wide,
The "pack-rats" cheer,
The greeting's all for you.
Honk that horn! honk that horn!
Now give them one-two-three,
What fun to come to the Yellowstone,
And stay at the Y. P. C.

They've cabins at the Springs,
At Geyser, tents galore,
At Lake, they've canvas bungalows,
At Canyon, hundreds more.
You'll hear the native slang,
A "Savage" serves you food,
You'll find what "rotten-logging" means.
And learn that you're a dude.

Chorus

Honk that horn! Honk that horn!
A tenting life for me!
The only way to see the Park
Is with the Y. P. C.
Honk that horn! Honk that horn!
Now give them one-two-three;
What fun to come to Yellowstone,
And stay at the Y. P. C.

—Ora M. Cupp

(Tune: "Marching Thro' Georgia")

Georgia was a Southern girl,
She lived in Tennessee;
She'd never seen a skeeter
And she'd never seen a flea
Sitting in the hammock
On a summer's night in June,
They went marching o'er Georgia.

"Hurrah, hurrah," said the skeeter to the flea,
"Hurrah, hurrah, let's have a jubilee,
You bite her on the ankle,
And I'll bite her on the knee
As we go marching o'er Georgia."

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

'Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's where the old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de Old Folks at home.

Chorus

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ev'ry where I roam
O' darkies how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Key of F Time 4-4

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mist began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song;
And in the dusk, where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Chorus

Time 3-4

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go;
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

SKEETER SONG

There was a little skeeter
 And he wasn't any bigger
 Than the wee, small head of a pin.
 But the bump that he raises
 Just itches like blazes
 And that's where the rub comes in.
 Oh the bump,
 Oh the bump,
 Oh the bump, bump, bump, bump, bump,
 Oh the bump that he raises just itches like blazes
 And that's where the rub comes in.
 They go wild, simply wild, over me,
 They go mad, just as mad as they can be,
 No matter where I'm at, all the skeeters, lean and fat,
 The small ones, the tall ones,
 I scratch them off like that.
 Every night how they fight over me.
 They just run from my neck down to my knee.
 Though I use some salty grease I can never sleep in peace,
 They go wild, simply wild, over me.

SMILE SONG

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E,
 It isn't any trouble just to S-M-I-L-E,
 There isn't any trouble but will vanish like a bubble
 If you only take the trouble just to S-M-I-L-E.

Chorus

Glory-ory-ory, Halle-luly-uly-ay, etc.
 Glory-ory-ory, Halle-luly-uly-ay, etc.
 There isn't any trouble but will vanish like a bubble
 If you only take the trouble just to S-M-I-L-E.

(Use g.r.i.n grin, g.i.giggle.ee, Tee.hee-
 hee, l.a.u.g.h, haw.haw.haw.haw

REMEMBER

Remember the times we've had here,
 In wonderful Yellowstone;
 Remember the hearty handclasp,
 That we gave you in Yellowstone.

Remember the friends you've made here,
 For they'll be always true;
 Remember our friendly campers,
 And we will remember you.

L'L LIZA JANE

I'se got a gal and you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane,
I'se got a gal and you got none,
Li'l Liza Jane.

Chorus

Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane,
Ohe, Liza, Li'l Liza Jane.
Come, my love, and marry me, etc.
I will take good care of thee, etc.
Liza Jane done come to me etc.
Both as happy as can be, etc.
House and lot in Baltimo,' etc.
Lots of chilluns roun' de do,' etc.

THE "CHEER GERM" SONG

(Tune: "Keep the Home Fires Burning")

Sing and let us hurry, to get rid of worry
Happiness was made for you
And the Cheer Germ, too.
Pass it on to others,
Husbands, wives and brothers,
Take the "Sing Germ" back to toil,
Let it work with you.

(Tune: "Smiles")

There are smiles from Indiana,
There are smiles from Idaho,
There are smiles from Maine to California,
There are smiles from north to Mexico;
There are smiles all over this great nation
In whatever states your footsteps fall,
But the smiles that come from——
Are the smiles that are best of all.

THE "MUMMY" SONG

(Tune: "The Long, Long Trail")

It's a short, short life we live here
And let us sing while we may.
With a song for every moment
Of the whole bright day.
What's the use of looking gloomy
And what's the use of our fears,
For we know a mummy's had no fun
For mor'n three thousand years.

HAM AND EGGS

(Tune: "Tammany." Key of D)

- 1—Leader: Ham and Eggs.
 Echo: Ham and Eggs
 L: I like mine fried good and brown.
 E: I like mine fried upside down.
 L: Ham and Eggs:
 E: Ham and Eggs.
 L: Flip 'em.
 E: Flop 'em.
 L: Flip 'em.
 E: Flop 'em.
 All: Ham and Eggs.

- 2—Leader: Yellowstone.
 Echo: Yellowstone.
 L: We'll go around in a yellow bus.
 E: You bet it saves a lot of fuss.
 L: Yellowstone.
 E: Yellowstone.
 L: See it.
 E: Hear it.
 L: See it.
 E: Hear it.
 All: Yellowstone!
-

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish Rose,
 The sweetest flower that grows,
 You may search everywhere, but none can compare
 With my wild Irish Rose.
 My wild Irish Rose,
 The dearest flower that grows,
 And some day for my sake, she may let me take
 The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

MOONLIGHT IN DIXIE

Key of G

In the evening by the moonlight
 You can hear dem darkies singing,
 In the evening by the moonlight
 You can hear dem banjoes ringing,
 How the old folks do enjoy it,
 They will sit all night and listen,
 As they sing in the evening by the moonlight.

ROUNDS

(Tune: "Are You Sleeping, Brother James!")

Rheumatism, rheumatism,
How it pains, how it pains,
Up and down the system, up and down the system
When it rains, when it rains.

(Tune: Same as above)

Mentholatum, mentholatum,
How it soothes; how it soothes.
When the skeeters bite you,
When the skeeters bite you,
How it soothes; how it soothes.

(Tune: "Row, Row, Row Your Boat")

Rah, Rah, Rah for Camp!
Lift your voice and sing!
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Make the pine trees ring.

Key F

To-day is Monday, to-day is Monday,
Monday, hausenpfeffer,
All you hungry soldiers,
We wish the same to you.
2. Tuesday, String beans.
3. Wednesday, Soo-up.
4. Thursday, Roast beef.
5. Friday, Fi-ish.
6. Saturday, Pay-day.
7. Sunday, Church.

DIXIE

I wish I was in the land of cotton,
Old times there are not forgotten,
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away!
Look away! Dixie Land.
Then I wish I was in Dixie.
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MO'

(Repeat Chorus after each verse)

- 1—Oh the Butterfly flits on the wings of gold,
The June-Bug wings of flame,
The Bed-Bug has no wings at all,
But he gets there just the same.
- 2—A boy sat in a Ford coupe,
His head was in a whirl,
His eyes and mouth were full of hair,
His arms were full of girl.
- 3—The firefly is a funny bug,
He hasn't any mind,
He travels all the way through life
With his headlight on behind.
- 4—A peanut sitt'n on a railroad track,
Its heart was all a-flutter,
The train came roarin' 'round a curve,
Toot, Toot—Peanut Butter.

Chorus

Oh, it ain't gonna rain no mo', no mo';
It ain't gonna rain no mo',
But how in the world can the old folks tell,
It ain't gonna rain no mo'.

-
- 1—There were three jolly fishermen,
There were three jolly fishermen;
Fisher, fisher—men—men —men;
Fisher, fishermen—men—men.
There were three jolly fishermen,
 - 2—The first one's name was Abraham (repeat),
 - 3—The second one's name was Isaac, “
 - 4—The third one's name was Jacob, “
 - 5—They all went down to Jericho, “
 - 6—They should have gone to Amsterdam “
Amster, Amster, Sh! Sh! Sh!
They should have gone to Amsterdam.
-

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you,
Then the skies will seem more blue.
Down in lover's lane, my dearie;
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
Ev'ry tear will be a memory,
So wait and pray each night for me,
Till we meet again.

A LONG TAILED CAT

(Tune: "A Long, Long Trail")

What a long, long tail our cat's got
And it's all covered with fur,
But it's sure no good to fight with,
And no help to purr;
She can't wag it like a dog does,
Nor give the bad flies a bat,
Don't laugh or sigh, but tell me why,
There's a tail on a long-tailed cat.

(Tune: "Pack up Your Troubles")

Pack up your troubles, tho' the weather's damp—
And smile, smile, smile.
Count yourself lucky, here at——Camp
Smile dudes, that's the style;
What's the use of shivering,
It never was worth while—
So pack up your troubles, be a sport tonight,
And smile, dudes, smile.

LONG, LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day that I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With some one like you,
A pal good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind
And go and find
Some place that's known
To God alone,
Just a spot to call our own,
We'll find perfect peace,
Where joys never cease,
Out there beneath a kindly sky,
We'll build a sweet little nest,
Somewhere in the west,
And let the rest of the world go by.

YELLOWSTONE

(Tune: "My Maryland")

I love your slender lodge pole pine,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone
Your breezes cheer my soul like wine,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.
Your sparkling fountains of white steam,
Great dashing rivers mountain streams,
And myriad pools of emerald green,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.

I love your wild birds of the air,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone,
Four-footed creatures everywhere,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.
Your silent, beauteous, starlit nights,
Your cheerful campfires blazing bright.
Oh! Paradise of Heart's-delight,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.

I love your lakes where wild life calls,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.
Your dancing, misty rainbow falls
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.
Bright fragrant flowers on every hand,
The wild deer come at my command,
Oh, this is God's great wonderland,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.

I love my home so far away,
Yellowstone, Dear Yellowstone,
But yet I'm here to gladly say,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.
Out here 'neath skies of sapphire blue,
Where everything is strange and new,
I find dear friends so good and true,
Yellowstone, My Yellowstone.

Minnie J. Hardy, San Diego, California.

ALOHA OE

Key of A Flat Time 4-4

Proudly swept the rain cloud by the cliff,
As on it glided through the trees;
Still following with grief the likoe,
The ahihi lehua of the vale,
Aloha, Oe, farewell to thee,
Thou charming one who dwells among the bowers,
One fond embrace before I now depart,
Until we meet again.

OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home,
 'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;
 The corntop's ripe and the meadows in the bloom,
 While the birds make music all the day.
 The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
 All merry, all happy and bright;
 Bye and bye "Hard Times" comes knocking at the door,
 Then my old Kentucky home, good night.
 Weep no more my lady, oh, weep no more to-day,
 We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
 For the old Kentucky home, far away.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was
 Young and gay;
 Gone are my friends
 From the cotton fields away;
 Gone from the earth
 To a better land I know,
 I hear their gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe."
 I'm coming, I'm coming,
 For my head is bending low;
 I hear those gentle voices calling,
 "Old Black Joe."

—Stephen C. Foster.

A GYMNASTIC RELIEF A flat

Tune: "Till We Meet Again"

Smile awhile and give your face a rest;
 (*All smile*)
 Stretch awhile and ease your weary chest.
 (*Arms to side*)
 Reach your hands up toward the sky
 (*Hands up*)
 While you watch them with your eye.
 (*Heads up*)
 Jump awhile and shake a leg there, sir!
 (*Jump lively*)
 Now step forward, backward—as you were.
 (*Step back and forth*)
 Then reach right out to someone near,
 (*Shake hands with neighbor*)
 Shake his hand and smile.
 (*All Smile*)
 (Song devised by Art Brude, Virginia, Minn.)

JUANITA

Soft o'er the fountain,
 Ling'ring falls the southern moon;
 Far o'er the mountain,
 Breaks the day too soon!
 In thy dark eyes' splendor!
 Where the warm-light loves to dwell,
 Weary looks, yet tender,
 Speak their fond farewell.

Refrain:

Nita! Juanita!
 Ask thy soul if we should part!
 Nita! Juanita!
 Lean thou on my heart.

OLD MacDONALD HAD A FARM

Old MacDonald had a farm,
 E-igh, ee-igh, oh!
 And on this farm he had some chicks,
 E-igh, ee-igh, oh!
 With a chick-chick here, a chick-chick there,
 Here a chick, there 'a chick,
 Everywhere a chick-chick;
 Old MacDonald had a farm,
 E-igh, ee-igh, oh!
 Continue with ducks (quack-quack), turkey (gobble), pig (hoink-hoink), Fords (rattle-rattle), etc.,
 adding and repeating as indicated in second verse.

AN APPLE PIE MAKER

(Tune: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean")

My mother's an apple pie maker
 My father, he fiddles for tin,
 My sister scrubs nights for a living,
 Oh, boy! how the money rolls in!

Chorus

Rolls in! rolls in!
 Oh, boy! how the money rolls in, rolls in;
 Rolls in! rolls in!
 Oh, boy! how the money rolls in!

ON MOONLIGHT BAY

(Key of A Flat)

We were sailing along
 On Moonlight Bay;
 We could hear the voices ringing,
 They seemed to say—
 You have stolen her heart—
 "Now don't go 'way,"
 As we sang Love's Old Sweet Song,
 On Moonlight Bay.

(Dedicated to Aleda Lange Joffe from Missouri)

Happy is the donkey as he eats his bale of hay (repeat)
If you fail to feed him,
You will find it does not pay.
Hee Haw, hee haw, hee haw.

It hasn't rained they say (repeat)
It hasn't rained for forty years,
But it rained like———today.

THE GRASSHOPPER

One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back
(repeat)
And the other grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's
back;
They were only playing leap frog (repeat)
And the other grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's
back.

Under the spreading chestnut tree,
With my sweetheart on my knee,
Oh! how happy I would be
Under the spreading chestnut tree.

TAKE ME BACK TO THOSE YELLOWSTONE DAYS

(Written for Convention, 1924)

Oft I recall, dearest of all,
Mem'ries of those happy days;
My heart is yearning, for their returning;
I hear their deep urgent call.

Chorus

Take me back to those dear savage days,
Let me roam down those old mountain trails
I just want to renew,
All those friendships so true,
That were made in that far golden west.
I can picture the campfires bright,
All those wonderful, fair moonlight nights;
I've been waiting so long,
Just to join in that song;
Take me back to those Yellowstone days.

—By Mildred Lund, Old Faithful '22, Mammoth '23.

I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD

Oh, I wuz bo'n in Mo-bile town,
 A wur-kin on de levee,
 All day I roll de cotton down,
 A wur-kin on de levee.

Chorus

I've been wur-kin on de railroad,
 All de live-long day,
 I've been wur-kin on de railroad,
 Just to pass de time away.
 Doan' yo' hear de whistle blowin',
 Rise up so early in de mo'n,
 Doan' yo' hear de cap'n shoutin',
 Dinah, blow yo' hawn.

(Tune: "Then I'll be Happy")

I want to stay in Yellowstone,
 Play in Yellowstone,
 Work in Yellowstone,
 Then I'll be happy.
 I want to camp in Yellowstone,
 Tramp in Yellowstone,
 Ride in Yellowstone,
 Then I'll be happy.
 Whether it be at the Lake or at Old Canyon so dear,
 Or in the Hot Springs land or Faithful so sincere;
 Just so I stay in Yellowstone,
 Play in Yellowstone,
 Work in Yellowstone,
 Then I'll be happy.

—Tipp Thompson

(Tune: Sweet Adeline)

Sweet Ivory Soap,
 You are the dope,
 You clean me so
 Like Sapolio;
 In all my dreams
 Your square face beams,
 You're the fragrance of my bath,
 Sweet Ivory Soap.

I'M A-GOIN' FISHIN'

You say you're goin' a fishin' all the time,
 So I'm a goin' fishin' too,
 You can bet your life
 You're lovin' wife
 Can catch as many fish as you.
 You say you been a fishin' when you stay out late,
 Now I've a little word I'd like to state,
 Any fish will bite if you have good bait,
 So I'm goin' a fishin',
 I'm goin' a fishin',
 I'm goin' a fishin' too.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With someone like you,
 A dude so good and true,
 We'd like to leave this camp behind;
 And go and find
 Some place that's known
 To the girls alone,
 Just a rotten log to call our own,
 We'll find a little nook,
 Out there beneath the silence dead
 We'll build a big bright fire
 Up there a little higher
 And let the rest of the dudes go to bed.

—Isabel Briggs

NOBODY LOVES ME

Nobody loves me
 Everybody hates me,
 Guess I'll go and eat worms;
 Long, thin, skinny ones,
 Big, fat, juicy ones,
 Fuzzy, wuzzy, wuzzy wuzzy worms.
 The first one was easy,
 The second one was greasy,
 The third one stuck in my throat,
 The fourth one choked me,
 The fifth one doped me,
 The sixth one got my goat.
 Dog-gone those worms!

<p>The West, a Nest and You</p> <p>The West, a nest and you, dear, How happy we will be, A cozy little cabin, Just for you and me, And who knows some day, maybe Our dreams will all come true, A life job at Old Faithful. The West, a nest and you.</p>	<p>That's Where My Money Goes</p> <p>Of all the camps I've seen Old Faithful is the queen Although we like the rest She is the very best, If I should chance to roam Slap me down and send me home No foolin', Old Faithful is the best</p>
--	---

—Isabel Naureth, Tipp Thompson

—Peggy Robb, Tip Thompson

"AFTER THE HONEYMOON"

After the honeymoon
 After the honeymoon
 There's millions of women
 And millions of men
 Who'd give half their lives to be
 Single again,
 After it's Mr. and Mrs.
 Sometimes there's a year between kisses,
 A sweet wedding cake,
 Only gives them an ache
 After the honeymoon.

WHEN CLOUDS HAVE VANISHED AND SKIES ARE BLUE

When clouds have vanished and skies are blue,
 I'll come back, Old Faithful to you;
 Back to the best camp I ever knew,
 With your geysers and hot springs too.
 Back where the savages are always gay,
 That's the place you'll want to stay;
 That's where you'll throw all your cares away,
 At Old Faithful Camp.

—*Isabel Naureth, Tipp Thompson*

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KELLY"

We're the jolly good tent-girls
 Ha! Ha! Ha!
 Oh, we're the peppy good tent girls
 Ha! Ha! Ha!
 We never loaf and we never shirk,
 We're always happy at our work,
 Oh, we're the jolly good tent girls,
 Ha! Ha! Ha!
 Oh, they're the no account pack rats
 Ho! Ho! Ho! (repeat)
 They always loaf and always shirk,
 They're never happy at their work,
 Oh, they're the no account pack rats.
 Ho! Ho! Ho!

—*Tipp Thompson*

SUNG WHILE OLD FAITHFUL PLAYS

(Tune: "Hail to the Orange and Blue of Illinois.")

Hail to Old Faithful, she plays every hour,
 Hail to her beauty, hail to her power.
 We love her splendor, so let us sing to her,
 Hail to Old Faithful of Yellowstone.
 Mary Caldwell Wedge

(Tune: Good-bye Song from "Lady Billy")

"We say good-bye, good-bye,
The best of friends are parting;
We say adieu, adieu,
And we've learned to like you, too;
And tho' you leave us
We hope that you'll believe us;
That you're the best bunch
That has gone thru;
We say farewell, farewell,
The best of friends are parting,
And tho' you go away
We send you with good cheer,
And when you're far away you'll say
That you're coming back again some day
Just to see Old Faithful play
In its Old Faithful way."

(Tune: "O My Darling Clementina")

There's a camp up in the mountains with the fir trees all about,
Years ago they named it Faithful; it's the best without a doubt.

Chorus

Cheer for Faithful, cheer for Faithful, she's the finest of them all,
Here we live just like a savage from the Spring until the Fall.
Here they call the porters packrats, they rise early in the morn',
Carry wood and build the fires, keep you comfortable and warm.

Chorus

Then at meal time jolly heavers fill the dudes with food and song,
And the bus boys bring the hots in, often getting orders wrong.

Chorus

We've a jolly bunch of tent girls, who make merry all the day,
Then at noon they meet the busses, greet you with a carol gay.

Chorus

You will find the camps inviting as you journey thru the Park,
But there's none can beat Old Faithful, if you're out just for a lark.

Chorus

—Mildred Albert (Kansas).

"DUDES, HERE'S TO YOU"

How-do-you-do dudes, how-do-you-do you dudes,
 We're mighty happy to see you.
 All thru the day and thru the whole night, too
 We've worked and planned for you.
 We want to tell you something mighty true—
 We like you, you bet we do!
 We hope you'll want to stay, come and join us in
 our play,
 O, you dudes, here's to you.

—*Mary Caldwell Wedge*

(Tune: "Roll 'em Girls")

Goodbye Dudes, goodbye Dudes
 Roll along to Lake Camp
 Smile a smile at us now if you please
 Goodbye Dudes, goodbye Dudes,
 Roll along to Lake Camp
 Smile a smile at us now if you please.
 Some of you may wish you had the front seat
 Some of you may wish you had the back seat,
 But smile a smile to be in style
 Go ahead and smile, Dudes,
 As you roll away give us a smile.

(Tune: "Bones, I Ain't Goin' to Work No More")

The dudes they ride in Pullmans, and then they ride the bus,
 But the savages push old Mollie and never make a fuss.

Chorus

Old Faithful, Old Faithful, I ain't gwine to work no more.
 I worked last night and the night before,
 And I ain't gwine to work no more,

Some they go to Mammoth, to Canyon and the Lake,
 But those who come to Old Faithful we never will forsake.
 We greet them at the doorstep with songs and carols gay,
 We hope that they will stay with us and never go away.

The dudes they eat potatoes, soup, and bread and meat,
 The savages chew on corn cobs and consider it a treat.
 The dudes they use their cold cream, the tent girls use their lard
 But the heavers use their axle grease and rub it just as hard.

—*Helen Coldway, (Ky.)*

(Tune: "O, Mr. Moon")

O! Mr. Dude, Dude, pleasant looking dude,
 O! won't you please come smile at us?
 O! Mr. Dude, Dude, peppy looking dude,
 O! won't you please come play with us?
 Some of us will sing to you, some of us will dance with you.
 O! Mr. Dude, Dude, happy looking dude,
 O! Won't you please come play with, please come
 play with, please come play with us?

—Mary Caldwell Wedge

(Tune: "Always")

You'll be coming back, some day
 To the land where geysers play
 And the dreams you've dreamed,
 And the schemes you've schemed,
 Will find their end supreme,
 Some day, some day,
 Then you'll stay for aye—some day
 In this land so gay—some day
 Never more to roam,
 From this faithful home,
 In our Yellowstone, yes, some day.

—Tipp Thompson

"THE CAMP WE LOVE BEST"

(Tune: "Gypsy Sweetheart")

Of all the camps in all of Yellowstone
 Old Faithful is the one we love best.
 Of all the charms in all the Yellowstone
 Old Faithful is the one that stands the test.
 As the busses so swiftly roll along,
 Dudes, too, will sing this song:
 Of all the camps in all of Yellowstone
 Old Faithful is the one we love best.

—Mary Caldwell Wedge.

(Tune: "Jolly Old Pals")

Dear old pals, jolly old pals, always together in all kinds of weather,
 Always game, ever the same, just give me Old Faithful, and my jolly
 old pals.

"SONG OF LOVE"

This is Old Faithful Camp
 Land of Happy workers,
 This is the only place where there
 Are no Shirkers,
 We are happy the livelong day,
 We always sing at our work and play,
 We're from all over the U. S. A.
 We are the Savages gay,
 Come and join us at play.

—Mariam Woodbury, Adele Oostiles '24

SONG TO THE DUDES

(Tune: "Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl")

Here's to the girl with the big brown eyes
Who uses them for flirting,
Here's to the girl with the big brown eyes
Who uses them for flirting;
May the skin peel off her nose (repeat),
And outdo the sun in shining.

Here's to the girl who's all dressed up,
Who's all dressed up for vamping,
Here's to the girl who's all dressed up,
Who's all dressed up for vamping,
May the skeeters bite her neck (repeat),
And over her go tramping.

Here's to the girl who's all dressed up,
Who's all dressed for hiking,
Here's to the girl who's all dressed up,
Who's all dressed for hiking,
May she slip and stub her toe (repeat),
And come back home a-crying.

Here's to the man with a pocket full of rocks,
Who doesn't know how to spend them,
Here's to the man with a pocket full of rocks,
Who doesn't know how to spend them,
May his pockets be full of holes (repeat),
And never a wife to mend them.

Here's to the man who sits up nights,
Who sits up with his baby,
Here's to the man who sits up nights,
Who sits up with his baby,
May the kid cry ever more (repeat),
And drive him nearly crazy.

Here's to the girl who gets a kiss
And runs and tells her mother,
Here's to the girl who gets a kiss
And runs and tells her mother,
May she live and die an old maid (repeat),
And never get another.

Here's to the girl who goes out nights,
Who goes out rotten-logging,
Here's to the girl who goes out nights,
Who goes out rotten-logging,
May she get a cold in her head (repeat),
And spend her life in coughing.

Here's to the man who goes to bed,
Who goes to bed at seven,
Here's to the man who goes to bed,
Who goes to bed at seven,
May he gain a ton each week (repeat),
And find no room in heaven. —*Old Faithful Savages.*

(Tune: "Levee Song")

We'll sing you a song of the Canyon
The best camp in the land,
We'll sing you a song of the Canyon
The spot so free and grand
There's Lake Camp and Old Faithful
And Mammoth, you can see,
But the camp that's by the Canyon
Am good enough for me.

(Tune: "Love's Nest")

At Camp Canyon, there let me stay,
At Camp Canyon, there work and play.
Where the roaring waters make a beautiful scene,
And the sighing pine trees make one's life serene.
At Camp Canyon, I'm never blue,
There is always something to do,
Better than a palace with a gilded dome,
Is Camp Canyon, we call it home.

—Kenneth Loeffler, 1925. Penn. State College.

Keep your eye on the wheel, gear jammer,
Keep your eye on the wheel, gear jammer,
To be sure the girl is fair,
But you need your eyes elsewhere,
Keep your eye on the wheel, gear jammer,

Have a heart, Dude Lady, have a heart!
Have a heart, Dude Lady, have a heart!
Roads are narrow, mountains steep—
Gulches wide, and canyons deep.
Have a Heart, Dude Lady, have a heart!

(Tune: "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia")

Carry me back to dear old Canyon,
That's where the savages and dudes all love to go;
That's where we labor so hard for vacation,
That's where we earn all our large amount of dough.
That's where the pack rats are strong, brave and handsome,
That's where the cook is an angel, so they say;
That's where the heavens are merry and gladsome,
That's where each bus boy is handy with his tray.
Carry me back to dear old canyon,
Back to the camp where the tent girls get no rest;
Back to the camp where the manager is smartest,
Back to Old Canyon, the camp we love the best.

—Louise Miller.

You want to wake up in the morning
 By the cascade's mighty roar,
 With the pack rats creepin' in
 While you're sleepin'
 And the tent-girls bangin' at the door.
 You want to stroll down by the camp fire
 When the moon shines from above;
 You'll be coming back to Canyon
 To the camp that we all love.

(Tune: "All Alone")

Into my heart you've come to cast a spell,
 Never again to depart.
 Your beauties rare I'll see where'er I roam.
 Memories of you will cheer me.
 Always I'll love you dearly.

Chorus

Canyon Camp, dear old Canyon Camp,
 There is no place else like you.
 Canyon Camp, dear old Canyon Camp,
 I'll see in dreams,
 Your firelight gleams,
 And friendly voices that fill the air
 With songs of joy and good cheer.
 Oh—'twill always be
 Sort of a home to me,
 At dear old Canyon Camp.

(Tune: "There Is a Cow Down on Our Farm")

There is a camp in Yellowstone Park,
 Golly, ain't that queer?
 Where young folks go to have a lark,
 Golly, ain't that queer?
 We work hard from break of day—
 And then at ten we hit the hay—
 No rest for the wicked, so they say—
 Golly, ain't that queer?
 The dudes come thru by tens and scores,
 Golly, ain't that queer?
 Ask a million questions, yes, and more—
 Golly, ain't that queer?
 "How many trees are in the Park?"
 "Do bears eat dudes when they meet 'em in the dark?"
 "Are savages wild?" "Do the woodchucks bark?"
 Golly, ain't that queer?

—Marjo Shaw.

(Tune: "Peggy O'Neil")

Hearts are glad when canyon camp
 Calls, calling us back.
 Mountain walls and water falls,
 Call, calling us back.
 Laughing rivers, and rollicking rills,
 Velvet vistas and echoing hills—
 Sunlight and shadow land—
 Our own dear canyon land—
 Calls, calling us back.

All I want is sociability
 Some one to be sociable with me,
 I'm so very sociable myself,
 I like sociable society.
 I have a sociable temperament,
 Sociable disposition, sociable sentiment,
 I'm just as sociable as sociable can be
 And I've just got to have more sociability—
Canyon Dudes
Best Yet.

All I want is lovability, etc.
Canyon Rotten Logs
Best Yet.

All I want is pepibility etc,
Canyon Savages
Best Yet.

(Tune: "We've Been Working on the Railroad")

We've been working at the Canyon
 All day and half the night;
 We've been working at the Canyon
 For three meals and an appetite.
 We rise so early in the morning
 To feed you before you start,
 We hope you'll not forget the Canyon
 When we're far apart.

On our Canyon Honey-moon, in the merry month of June;
 Together we will wander, beneath the big full Moon.
 You'll find the world in tune, it's a habit here to spoon;
 In the land of inspiration, on our Canyon Honey-moon.

A ROUND

To the Yellowstone Park we go,
 To the Yellowstone Park we go.
 What care we for Bears we see?
 We'll have a good time we know.
—Bess Stone.

(Tune: "By the Light of the Moon")

If you're for Canyon Savages, just come along with me,
By the light of the moon, by the light of the moon;
We'll teach you how to rotten-log, but never how to spoon,
By the bright shining light of the moon.

Chorus

By the light of the moon, by the light of the moon,
By the bright shining light of the silvery moon.
If you're for Canyon Savages, just come along with me,
By the bright shining light of the moon.

—Marjo Shaw.

(Tune: "Hot Time")

C-C-C Canyon comes to greet you,
You will see-see-see,
How glad we are to meet you.
You'll agree, gree gree
We know just how to treat you,
So come join us at campfire tonight.

(Tune: "Tipperary")

It's a long, long way to the CANYON,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to the CANYON,
To the grandest CAMP I know.
Good-bye to Old Faithful,
No more Lake for me;
It's a long, long way up to the CANYON,
But there I long to be.

(Tune: "It's Three o'Clock in the Morning")

It's eight o'clock in the morning!
Why don't you Dudes get up?
We rise at six o'clock yawning,
You sleep like old King Tut!
You miss the beautiful Sun-rise;
May miss your breakfast, too.
If you want hot cakes and coffee—
You see it's up to you!

—Mildred Libb.

Once there were three
Jolly dudes;
Once there were three
Jolly dudes;
Jolly, jolly du-du-dudes;
Jolly, jolly du-du-dudes;
Once there were three
Jolly dudes;

The first one came from Idaho (repeat),
Ida, Ida, Ho—Ho—Ho! (repeat).
The second one came from Michigan (repeat),
Michi, Michi—gan—gan—gan (repeat).

The third one came from Amsterdam (repeat),
Amster, Amster, sh—sh—sh (repeat).

They all came to Mammoth camp (repeat),
Mammoth, Mammoth camp, camp, camp (repeat).

We've got a cow down on our farm;
Golly, ain't that queer;
And she gives milk without alarm,
Golly, ain't that queer.

One day she drank from a
Frozen stream,
Froze her tail like an
Iron beam;
Ever since then she's given
Ice cream;
Golly, ain't that queer!

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

Oh Dudes you may be stiff and sore
From Uncle Tom's trail
But if you go right in the plunge
'Twill cure without fail
So don't be stiff at Mammoth Camp
So don't be stiff with us
Just show your informality
When you get off the bus.

GIRLS IN THE FRONT SEAT

Oh hello girls in front seat,
You stop your flirting with gearjammer Pete
For every night when he drives in
He has two new girls there with him.

(Tune: "Dummy Line")

- 1—Across the mountain on a streak of rust
There's something moving in a cloud of dust;
It comes into camp with a wheeze and whine,
Folks climb out, "Say, ain't this fine?"

Chorus

Ridin' on the yellow, on the yellow, yellow bus,
Rain or shine, I'll make no fuss,
Rain or shine, I'll make no fuss,
Ridin' on the yellow, on the yellow, yellow bus,

Chorus

- 2—A queer looking gal in a knicker suit
Thought she looked so very cute;
Said she, "I never wore these before,"
Said I to her, "Don't wear 'em any more."

Chorus

- 3—The Lord made me and the Lord made you,
The Lord he made the yellow bus, too;
This is true for the Scripture sings
That the Lord he made all flying things.

Chorus

- 4—"Do the hot springs freeze when the weather gets cold?"
"Of course," I said and then I told
How last December Old Putterin' Pete
He fell thru the ice and scalded his feet.

Chorus

We are singing, praises ringing,
Praises ringing we are singing,
We are singing, praises ringing,
Mr. _____ Here's to you!

-
- 1—How do you do, Mammoth dudes, How do you do!
How do you do, Mammoth dudes, how are you?
We are glad you're here tonight
And we're going to treat you right,
How do you doodle, doodle, doodle, doodle do.
- 2—How do you do Mammoth dudes, how do you do,
How do you do Mammoth dudes, how are you?
You have got a lot of pep
But you've got to watch your step
How do you doodle, doodle, doodle, doodle, do.
- 3—How do you do, Mammoth dudes, how do you do
How do you do, Mammoth dudes, how are you?
If we smile a smile at you,
Won't you wink a wink or two?
How do you doodle, doodle, doodle, doodle do.

MAMMOTH CAMP

(Tune: "Sweet Genevieve")

Oh! Mammoth Camp, Dear Mammoth Camp.
The years may come, the years may go.
But in my heart thy memory,
Will live forever and for aye.
I see thy camp-fire now it seems,
Thy swimming-pool is in my dream,
Thy horseback-riding comes in view,
And rotten-logging hours too.
Sweet Memories, of Mammoth Camp,
Bring back those scenes we love so dear.
Bring back those scenes we sang of yore,
And cheer our hearts forever more.

—Jack Batey.

(Tune: "Do you Come from the East")

Do you come from the Lake
Where the silvery moon does beam,
Do you come from Old Faithful
Where the geysers spout and steam,
Or do you come from the Canyon so grand
There's where they get colored sand,
No we come a trottin'
Where the logs are rotten
Down at Mammoth Camp.

I don't know why I did it,
I let him kiss me twice
I know that I did wrong, but then!
Gee whiz! it was so nice,
And after he proposed he said
The best of friends must part.
Don't ever love a Mammoth man
He'll break your trusting heart.

Good evening dudes(repeat),
You're just in time for supper
We have some soup and ice tea
You're just in time for supper.

(Tune: "Peggy O'Neil")

If you come to Mammoth camp,
Please feel right at home,
If you know no one, at all,
Please make yourself known;
If you come from a state far away,
If you come from a camp 'cross the way,
You are quite welcome,
We hope you'll come often
And meet your Mammoth Camp friends.

TENT GIRLS' SONG

(Tune: "Doodle De Doo")

Well, here we are dudes,
From near and far, dudes,
At Mammoth Camp, dear Mammoth Camp;
We are the neatest, also the sweetest
At Mammoth Camp, dear Mammoth Camp.
We are the tent maids, called pillow punchers
Altho we're beauties, we don't shirk our duties
A jolly band, best in the land
Mammoth Camp tent girls are we.

—Olgo Morsen & Norma Becker

Underneath the moonlight
I want to hold somebody's hand.
Underneath the moonlight
You'll begin to understand,
Why all the little bee-zes
And all the little bear-zes
They never go in three-zes.
Underneath the moonlight,
I want to hold somebody's
Hold somebody's, hold somebody's hand.

HELLO SONG

Hello-Mary—hello Jim
Hello Johnny, ain't that him?
Gee we're glad to see you all
Wish you'd stay right here till fall
Gee we're glad to see you all,
Wish you'd stay right here till fall.

Hello, hello, hello yourself hello.
Hope you're going to like our camp.
If you don't you can scamp.
Hello, hello, hello yourself hello.
Well how do you do, the same to you.
Hello, hello, hello.

Never take a Lake girl walking,
Never take a Canyon vamp,
Never take an Old Faithful flapper
Nor any one from Roosevelt Camp.
But if you want to go a-walking,
Down some shady little dell,
Always take a Mammoth tent girl
For tent girls don't tell.

—*Kay Leytze*

There are eyes of blue,
There are brown eyes, too,
There are eyes of every color
And of every hue.
But I surmise, that if you are wise
You'll be careful of the girlie
With the dreamy eyes.

I'll take a box of Lowney's bon bons,
I'll take most anything.
Oh, I'll take a diamond ring,
Or a bunch of violets in the spring.
I'll take a row upon the river,
Where every one can see,
But to take a little kiss
In a lonesome spot like this,
Gee—what a fool I'd be.

When I left my home city
My daddy said to me,
"Be careful darling child,
They say that Mammoth's wild.
The things they do there, they say,
Would make your hair turn gray,
And I'm particalick-alick-alick-alick,
I'm partic-alick-alar."
Said I, "Oh daddy dear,
For me you need not fear,
I'll catch a bear or two, send him parcel post to you;
We've got the pep and, the rep and, they
Make you keep in step and
We're partic-alick-alick-alick
We're partic-alick-alar too.

(Tune: "Maryland, My Maryland")

This is the Camp we love the best—
 Roosevelt, our Roosevelt;
 The dearest camp in all the West—
 Roosevelt, our Roosevelt.
 Beyond the Gardner River stream
 To where the sulphur waters gleam,
 Oh, fair it is as poet's dream—
 Roosevelt, our Roosevelt.

JERRY

(Tune: "Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly")

Has anybody seen our Jerry.
 J—E—R—R—Y.
 Has anybody here seen Jerry?
 You'll know him—he's so shy;
 His nose is long and his tongue is damp,
 In a pie eating contest he's the champ.
 Has anybody here seen Jerry.
 Jerry of the Roosevelt Camp?

(Tune: "Auld Lang Syne")

We're here for fun right from the start,
 Pray drop your dignity;
 Just laugh and sing with all your heart,
 And show your loyalty.

May other places be forgot,
 Let this one be the best,
 Join in the songs we sing today.
 Be happy with the rest.

DAMPER SONG

Oh! you PULL the damper out,
 (long pull from full arm's length)
 And you PUSH the damper in,
 (push it clear back)
 And the smoke goes up the chimney just the same:
 (curl it up the chimney in a spiral)
 Just the same, just the same,
 (full arm sweep to right on first phrase, and
 to the left on the second phrase.)
 And the smoke goes up the chimney just the same.
 (curl it up in a spiral again.)
 2nd verse: Whistle it with all the motions.
 3rd verse: Silently putting in all the motions.

HEAVERS' CHORUS

(Tune: "Solomon Levi")

We are the heavers quick and neat,
Our job is serving you,
We're swift and nimble on our feet,
No matter what we do.
We serve your soup in front of you,
Instead of down your back,
Now that is quite a stunt to do,
Just ask our Lady Mac.

Chorus

Oh dudes and tent girls (or packrats, etc.)
Hats off to you
Shoot us the butter,
Gallop down the stew,
Sling us the cherry pie,
Throw us the fishes.
George will get the set ups
And Rose will get the dishes.

Chorus

Your prunes are always wrinkled right,
Your pie has covers thin.
Your bread is always cut in two,
Your spuds have lost their skin.
Your milk comes from a round fat cow,
With labels on her slats,
Your fritters are so brown and sweet
Fried in the sweetest fats.

Chorus

We hope you eat a lot of food;
Our groceries are fine.
We like you fat and full of fun
To serve you all our line.
We'll give each one of you a bun
Baked by our Rose's hand,
And wish you all a pleasant road
In this—our Wonder Land.

—Florence E. Reinmuth, '25

(Tune: "At Dawning")

Happy days at Roosevelt camp,
I love you,
When the hills lure me to tramp,
I love you;
Hiking, resting, camp-fires all,
Make me want you past recall,
And when evening shadows fall,
I love you, I love you.

(Tune: "Solomon Levi")

- 1—We are the girls from Lake Camp you've heard so much about,
The people always look at us whenever we go out;
We're noted for our winning ways and clever things we do,
Most everybody likes us and we hope you'll like us, too.

Chorus

Lake Camp! Lake Camp!
That's the camp for me!
Lake Camp! Lake Camp!
It's there I want to be.
We've got the rep—we've got the pep!
As you can plainly see—
And when you leave you're sure
To long for dear L—A—K—E!

- 2—We're savages from Lake Camp and we know how to sing,
And if we haven't got a song, we sing most anything;
We do not care what it's about or if it doesn't rhyme—
We sing it to you anyway—we sing it all the time.

Chorus

EAT SONG

(Tune: "Turky in the Straw")

I went to the delicatessen to get something to eat
For I was hungry from my head down to my feet.
I asked for a doughnut fried in grease
And handed the lady there a five cent piece.
She looked at the nickel, then she looked at me,
And said, "Here girl, now don't you see,
There's a hole in the nickle and that won't do,"
Said I, "There's a hole in the doughnut, too."

(Tune: "Oh, What's the Very Best Camp?")

Oh, what's the very best camp,
The very best camp,
The very best camp?
Oh, what's the very best camp
Around the loop?
It's Lake Camp, etc.

LAKE CAMP

(Tune: "Dream Daddy")

Oh Lake Camp, Dear Old Lake Camp,
Wonderful Lake Camp of Mine,
Every night after I've said my prayer
The pine trees murmur away all
 my cares.
Oh, pack-rats, oh tent girls,
When we have our work all through
That's when we sing and dance
 and have all our play
And go to sleep to find another
 wonderful day;
Oh Lake Camp, Dear Old Lake Camp,
Wonderful Lake Camp of Mine.

(Tune: "My Wild Irish Rose")

We come to you to-night,
To greet you with songs so bright,
You may look everywhere,
But no camp can compare
With own dear Lake Camp;

Oh, dudes, we love you so,
And we'll hate to see you go,
Please don't forget,
We'll remember you yet—
When you leave us at dear Lake Camp.

(Tune: "I'm a Little Wild Flower")

We are little mountain flowers,
Growing wilder every hour,
Nobody cares to cultivate we
We're as wild as we can be;
I'm a little wrinkled prune,
May get stewed very soon;
If I do look out for me,
I'm as bad as bad can be.
Tra la ra, Ta ra le.

(Tune: "Oh, There Stands Mr.—")

Oh, there stands Mr.———,
Now how in the world can you tell?
You can tell him by his winning smile
Which he has on all the while. Sh! Sh!
Which he has on all the while. Sh! Sh!
Which he has on all the while. Sh! Sh!

UNDERNEATH THE YELLOWSTONE MOON

(Tune: "Underneath Mellow Moon")

Underneath the Yellowstone Moon,
 Dearest little bride and groom,
 You look, Oh so happy,
 It's a wonderful place to spoon.
 When you have left the Park
 Won't you please come back to us soon,
 Don't forget the Lake Camp,
 Dearest little bride and groom.

(Tune: "Lisa Jane")

If you say this camp ain't got no pep—
 You're lying, Jane.
 If you say this camp ain't got no pep—
 You're lying, Jane.
 Oh, you're lyin'—You're lyin', Jane.
 Oh, you're lyin'—You're lyin', Jane.

Here comes the lake with a Hip! hip! hooray!
 Here comes the lake with a Hip! hip! hooray!
 Here comes the lake with a Hip! hip! hooray!
 Neighbor——how do you do.

(Tune: "The Old Gray Mare")

The Lake Camp Dudes they
 Ain't what they used to be—
 Ain't what they used to be—
 Ain't what they used to be;
 The lake Camp Dudes
 Ain't what they used to be—
 Long years ago,
 Long years ago,
 Long years ago.
 The Lake Camp Dudes
 Ain't what they used to be
 Long years ago—Why?
 'Cause the Lake Camp Dudes are
 Better than they used to be—
 Better than they used to be—
 Better than they used to be;
 The Lake Camp Dudes
 Are better than they used to be
 Long years ago!

WELCOME SONG

(Tune: "On Wisconsin")

Welcome dudes, welcome dudes,
Sit right down and eat.
Make yourselves at home and happy,
Each one we're glad to greet,
We're from Lake Camp,
We're from Lake Camp,
And doggone proud of it too;
Is there anything that
We can do for you?

(Tune: "I Want a Girl")

We like the boys, just like the boys
That drive a yellow bus—
They are so fine and the only kind
That make a hit with us.
Good old-fashioned boys that ring true blue;
Fast and speedy boys—we like 'em, too;
We like the boys, just like the boys that
Drive a yellow bus.

(Tune: "I Love a Lassie")

I love a lassie, a bone-y, bone-y lassie;
She's as thin as the paper on the wall,
She's as sweet as the heather,
But her knees they knock together.
She's my Mary, ma' Scotch bluebell.

(Tune: "U-Lee-O")

On the mountain's height, near the lake so bright,
U-lee-o, U-lee-o-lee-u-lee-o;
Near the water's bank stands the Lake Camp,
U-lee-o, U-lee-o-lee-u-lee-o;
In the waters there bloom the lilies fair,
U-lee-o, U-lee-o-lee-u-lee-o;
And with songs so sweet we the dudes do greet,
U-lee-o, U-lee-o, U-lee-olee-u-lee-o.

DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST

Key A flat—Time, 6-8

Day is dying in the west;
Heav'n is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

Refrain

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heav'n and earth are full of Thee;
Heav'n and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord Most High!

Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, thy home,
Gather us, who seek thy face,
To the fold of thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.

While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil thy face,
Our hearts ascend.

When forever from our sight
Pass the stars, the day, the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end!

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

"I believe in the United States of America as a Government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which America patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

"I, therefore, believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its Flag, and to defend it against all enemies."—William Tyler Page.

O BEAUTIFUL FOR SPACIOUS SKIES

Key B flat—Time, 4-4

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty is law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

(Tune: "Abide With Me")

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens—Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

AMERICA

Key of F—Time, 3-4

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died!
 Land of the Pilgrim's pride!
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring!

Our father's God! to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing.
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

Supplementary verses to "America" by Henry Van Dyke.

"I love thine inland seas,
 Thy groves of giant trees,
 Thy rolling plains;
 Thy river's mighty sweep,
 Thy mystic canyons deep
 Thy mountains wild and steep,
 All thy domains.

Thy silver Eastern strands
 Thy Golden Gate that stands,
 Wide in the west:
 Thy flowery Southland fair,
 Thy sweet and crystal air,
 O land beyond compare,
 Thee I love best."

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Key of C

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
 He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
 His truth is marching on.

Chorus

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
 Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps;
 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
 His day is marching on.

CANYON LAND

(Tune: "Beulah Land")

There is a land of charm for me,
Prophetic of the home to be,
The Canyon of the Yellowstone,
As heaven, with beauty all its own.

Chorus

O, Canyon Land, dear Canyon Land,
In thy domain I love to stand,
In view of mountain towering high,
By thine abyss where mysteries lie,
Land of surprise and mighty thrills!
Under thy spell, my spirit fills.

I love to view thy color scheme,
Harmonious as a poet's dream,
Thy beauty has a charm for me,
As is not found on land or sea.

I love thy falls, so bold and free,
Their music thrills and comforts me,
Their evening damp and morning dews,
Their silver spray and rainbow hues.

I love thy river, glad and free,
Singing its way unto the sea,
Though rough the way that it is sent,
Its song e'er says, "I am content."

I love thy mysteries so deep,
Into which I may only peep,
But when I reach that "Better Land,"
E'en thee, with God, I'll understand.

E. Winslow Brown, D. D.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING

Come, Thou almighty King, Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise! Father all glorious, o'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us, Ancient of days!

Come, Thou incarnate Word, gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayers attend! Come, and Thy people bless, and give Thy
word success:
Spirit of holiness, on us descend!

Come, Holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour! Thou, who almighty art, now rule in every
heart,
And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of pow'r!

TAPS

Good-night, we must part.
God keep watch o'er us all thru the night.
We shall meet with the morn,

Goodnight.

Day is done, gone the sun
From the hills, from the woods, from the sky.
All is well, safely rest,
God is nigh.



YELLOWSTONE LINGO

DUDES—Yellow bus tourists.
SAGEBRUSHERS—Auto camp tourists.
SAVAGES—Camp employees.
HEAVERS—Waitresses.
PACK-RATS—Porters.
PILLOW PUNCHERS—Lodge maids.
WRANGLERS—Horseback guides.
GEAR-JAMMERS—Bus drivers.
PEARL DIVERS—Dish washers.
ROTTEN-LOGGING—Dating.
MOLLIES—Pack carts.